

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

DESIGNED FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF THE YOUNG.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH,
EDITOR.

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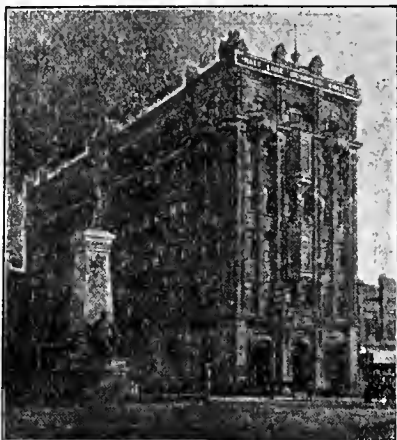
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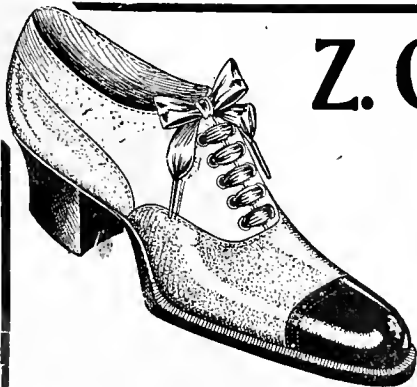
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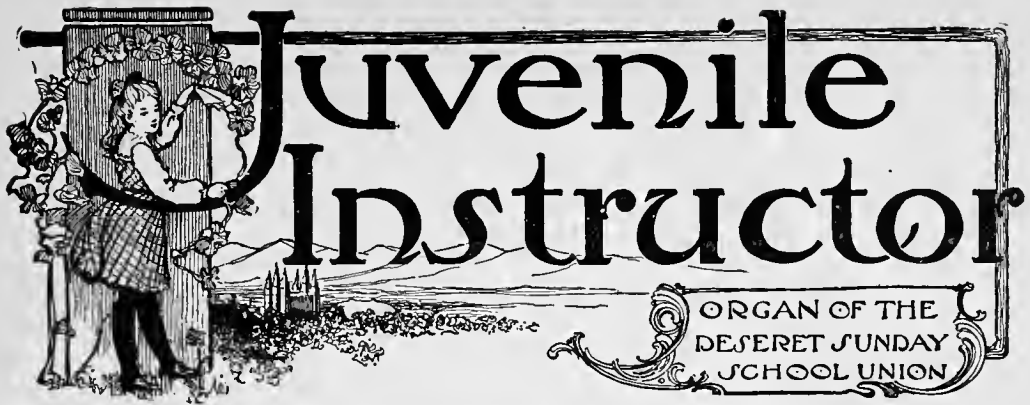
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VOL. XXXVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1903.

No. 15.

MY MISSION IN GERMANY.

PROMPTINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

AS observed in a previous article, I made it a matter of prayer before entering a town to know which house had been selected for me to take up my abode in for the night. There was not always a quiet little nook by the roadside where one could bend the knee and offer up a prayer unto the Lord. The silent prayer standing or walking frequently had to answer the purpose. The incident I am about to relate was one of this character. There is a custom in most of the southern towns of Germany to have flowing fountains of water for the convenience of man and beast on the outskirts of the town. I was standing by one of these, tired, thirsty, hungry, and footsore, at the sunset of a hot summer's day, asking the Lord to direct my footsteps to the house He had selected for me to secure accommodations.

The word came to me as plainly as though a voice had spoken it to apply to the house opposite the fountain. Accordingly I walked over towards it, but just as I reached the door a feeling of doubt came over me, and in place of knocking I turned and walked down the street. I had not gone very far when I was again prompted by the Spirit to

turn to the right and enter a gate which led through a high rock wall. Passing through this gate the walk led up to a rock house, immediately within the enclosure. On approaching it, I noticed the door partly open while from within I could plainly hear sounds as if in earnest prayer. I naturally paused and listened before knocking. I have heard prayers in Israel, but never in my life did I hear such a humble, earnest pleading before the throne of grace as was offered upon this occasion. When the sound finally ceased, I knocked at the door. A voice bade me enter, and on opening the door I found an elderly, gray haired, blind man just arising from his knees from the attitude of prayer. He bade me be seated and apparently made me welcome. I introduced myself as a missionary, sent of God to administer comfort to the afflicted and broken hearted. He soon related to me his troubles. His wife was dead and his children had all forsaken him, and as a result he was left alone in his old age, blind and without any one to administer comfort to him. Life was becoming a burden, and he longed for the day when he could join

his companion on the other side. He, therefore, frequently made it a matter of prayer, asking the Lord to send some one to him to comfort him in the hour of bitter trial and to strengthen him in the time of need. He regarded my visit as a direct answer to his prayer, and when, therefore, I opened the Bible and explained a few passages of Scripture to him, applicable to his condition, the tears commenced flowing down his furrowed cheeks. Knowing that he believed in prayer from what I had both seen and heard, I asked him to kneel down with me and that I would offer up a prayer in his behalf. When we arose from our knees, I could see that he was deeply affected, and as I turned to go he asked me if I would not favor him by calling upon an old lady who was afflicted like himself, not with blindness, but bodily afflictions more painful to bear than his. That she was the only one who visited him and for hours would sit and read to him, when he felt lonely. I was forcibly reminded of Washington Irving's words: "The poor and afflicted know best how to comfort their own kind." I assured him I would be pleased so to do, and I asked him the direction. He groped his way to the gate and from there pointed up the street informing me that I would find the house standing opposite to the fountain of water. To my great surprise I found it to be the very house I had been prompted to go to by the Spirit, but had turned away from it in doubt.

Assured now that it was the right house and also by special request, I knocked at the door. As expected, an aged, crippled lady bowed almost to the earth through bodily afflictions, answered the call. I told her my errand and she invited me into the house. Like the old gentleman, she was glad to see me and listened attentively to remarks applicable to her affliction. It is remarkable

how full the Bible is of stories and quotations especially adapted to the afflicted ones. It seemed to me on that occasion it had been almost specially written for their benefit. When I finally finished and arose to go, she asked me where I expected to stay that night. I told her I had no place and would appreciate it if she could direct me where to go. She herself she said was depending upon the charity of the town and had but the one room she lived in, but that there was a widow with ten children, who undoubtedly would be glad to entertain me as she had frequently entertained tramps out of fear that she might turn away a servant of God. She gave me the direction and I wended my way towards the house. It was then getting late, almost bedtime, when I approached it, but the lights were still burning as I knocked at the door. I made my errand known and in a short time, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I was sitting at the table and enjoying a most excellent supper. As it was late I did my talking while eating my meal; indeed I found frequently this the most opportune time to make my mission known. The meal over, I was conducted into the best room, and offered the best bed she had, her own, while she went and slept with one of the children. I have frequently asked myself the question would our own mothers in Israel be as liberal with strangers whom they do not know as some of these kind sisters are in the world? It is needless to say how cozy that bed felt that night and how I plead with the Lord to bless this widow with her ten children for the kindness shown me.

The next day was the Sabbath, and she invited me to accompany her and her children to meeting. On arriving at the house of worship, she introduced me to the minister, giving me such a flattering introduction because of the good

things I had told her, that the minister, to my surprise, invited me to occupy the pulpit and to preach from the text he had selected for himself. By the help of the Lord I made a good impression and so pleased was he with my remarks that he presented me with the whole contents of the collection box at the close of the service, with the remark that I was welcome to it as he thought I had earned it through the good things I had said. While yet speaking with the minister the aged lady to whom I had been sent by the promptings of the Spirit came forward and earnestly requested me to again call on the aged blind man, as he had made her promise to find me and urge me to again call and see him. He said the night he had passed had been one of the happiest of his life, and he never could forget the good things I had told him, and the prayer I had offered in his behalf. On arriving at his home he repeated the same remarks to me, at the same time observing, since I had proved such a blessing to him he felt he also desired to prove a blessing to me. So saying he placed his hand in his pocket and drew forth a sum of money equal to about two dollars in our money and placed it in my hand, adding also his blessing to it, and urging me to call again whenever I came that way.

I observed in a previous article that my coat was old and shabby. This, with the amount received from the collection box, went a long way to help me get a new coat. But, mark my surprise, when I bade the widow goodbye on the following morning she not only gave me a lunch for the way, but also pressed some money into my hand, while her brother standing by her side did the same. Thus through the promptings of the Spirit, I was not only housed and fed but also furnished with food and money for the way. And thus the Lord always

provides for His servants when they rely upon Him.

L. F. Moench.



THE PLACE OF MORMON.

(Mosiah xviii: 30.)

How beautiful! how beautiful
The forest aisles of Mormon!
With nature's sweetest tones how full
The pleasant groves of Mormon!
But sweeter far than song of bird
The holy heavenly message heard—
Repent and live—the blessed word
By Alma told in Mormon.

Oh, happy place! sweet sacred place!
Repentant souls at Mormon
Would meet their prophet face to face
Beside the stream of Mormon;
And there in solemn, saintly way
Rejoice together, sing and pray,
And there wash all their sins away
In the waters sweet of Mormon.

O king, men dare to utter there
With joy and praise, in Mormon,
The thing thou didst in wrath forbid,
The name of Christ, in Mormon.
O king, thy rage shall harm them not
For they have fled that lovely spot;
Their ransomed blood shall never blot
The hallowed ground of Mormon.

How dear those scenes will ever be,
When far away from Mormon,
To them who came, dear Lord, to Thee
And praised Thy name, in Mormon!
Oh, blessed be the holy place
Where first we learned our Savior's grace!
Ye trees and waters, sing His praise
For ever more in Mormon.

Lu. Dalton.



AUTHORITIES ON BAPTIZING FOR THE DEAD.

RECENTLY the Editor, in response to a Bible student in New Mexico, who asked: "What is the generally accepted meaning of I Corinthians

15: 29? ['Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead']," told of a custom in the early Christian churches of baptizing by proxy. And now an aroused inquirer in Kentucky thus calls on the Editor for his authorities for such a statement:

In *The Sunday School Times* of May 2, 1903, you reply to a letter about being baptized for the dead, that the "early Christian churches regarded baptism so important that it was done by proxy." Will you be so kind as to give the "authorities" for the statement, to a Bible student in Kentucky who has long taken your excellent paper with pleasure and profit?

As that particular question has been in discussion for at least eighteen hundred years; and since much has been said on the subject by those worthy of being considered by one who desires to know all the authorities, the space available in any one issue of *The Sunday School Times* is insufficient for its display. Hence it must

suffice to suggest trustworthy collections of authorities by which persistent inquirers can be aided in going back to original writers on the subject in early ages. The discussion certainly was rife in Tertullian's time, before 200 A. D. St. Ambrose, in the fourth Christian century, expressed himself on it. Matthew Poole's great work, "Synopsis Criticorum Biblicorum," of five large volumes, published in 1669-76, gives quite a long list of authorities on this particular point, and is well worth studying by an inquirer. Of more modern collators of authorities on this question, the Rev. J. W. Horsley has collected some thirty-six; while Bengel, Meyer, Alford, Stanley, Wordsworth, De Wette, and others have contributed something to the discussion. De Wette considers that baptism by proxy is the only possible meaning of the words of the text.

Sunday School Times.



SOME OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, SUNDAY SCHOOL.

WE have, at different times, presented our readers with illustrations of Sunday Schools of the Saints in almost every part of the world—in England, Ireland, Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, Samoa, Hawaii, etc., but until now have not given any from Scotland. Today we have pleasure in submitting a group of workers and pupils in the Sunday School of her far-famed city of Glasgow, where at present is

found the largest branch of the Church of any in the Northern Kingdom.

The children in this school are represented as very orderly, much interested in their work and exceedingly apt in answering scripture questions. The majority of the classes study the New Testament, with which book the children are well acquainted, as, according to the enlightened practice of that country, they read the Bible daily in the public schools during their morn-

ing exercises, at which time they also repeat in full the Lord's prayer in concert.

The sessions of our Sunday School are held at the private houses of the Saints; the exercises being those generally pursued in our mission schools. The sing-

ing, which is good, is from our Sunday School Song Book.

We are indebted to Elder John H. Russell, of Salt Lake City, now laboring as a missionary in the Scottish conference, for our illustration. He is the central figure of the rear line therein.



THE GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, SUNDAY SCHOOL.



A HERO.

HOW often the aspirations, the dreams of youth are those of prominence and ability in future life. It is well to encourage these ambitions, these dreams. But it should be remembered that there are many elements which enter into the foundation and structure of a successful life! One

of the chief elements is the power of self-control; it may be regarded as the primary essence of character. Boys and girls should begin early to cultivate this power, to be determined to control themselves, to overcome evil propensities of every nature, and to press forward in that which is noble. The fol-

lowing incident in the life of Audubon may serve as a lesson in self-control and show the value of its power:

John James Audubon, who is known the world over as one of the ablest ornithologists that ever lived, was born in Louisiana, in May, 1780, on a plantation where his parents, who were both French, had settled. His father, who was himself an ardent lover of nature, early directed his son's attention to natural objects. The youth took a special delight in the study of birds, and for years he continued his bird sketching expeditions and researches among the American woods. In the pursuit of this, his favorite study, he was at times compelled to suffer privations and hardships, some of them almost beyond human endurance.

He had written out careful accounts of his researches and had made life-sized drawings of two or three hundred birds, and had deposited them in a box for safe keeping. A few months afterwards on opening the box, to his horror and dismay, he found that rats had made a nest among his papers and utterly ruined his work of years. This was an exceedingly trying moment. Did he yield to feelings of anger and get into a fury about it? Did he give way to feelings of despair and abandon his favorite pursuit? No. His power of self-control had been so trained that he was able at this time to resist the emotions which crowded upon him. That he felt badly and spent several sleepless nights, he admitted.

The next few days he spent in quiet reflection, and after careful consideration he felt that there was but one course for him to follow, and without a murmur he said: "I took up my gun, my notebook and my pencils, and went forward to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened." He knew it would take

years of self-sacrificing labor to make up for his great loss, but he was ready to make the effort. Such control of one's self is really admirable and worthy of emulation.

As a result of his ambitions and achievements, several valuable books on natural history have been published which have given him fame and distinction throughout the civilized world. Had Audubon lacked the power of self-control and given up in despair, America, no doubt, would have been deprived of one of its greatest naturalists.



MARVELOUS SHOWERS.

THE skipper of the barque *Antioch*, which arrived at New York from Buenos Ayres, a short time ago, related a strange experience that he and his crew had undergone when some five hundred miles northeast of Porto Rico. The day was clear, when on a sudden a large cloud was observed to windward rapidly approaching the vessel. It broke almost directly overhead, and discharged a vast number of gorgeous-hued butterflies, locusts and small birds that fell upon and completely covered the deck.

The red rain which a year or so since excited so much curiosity in southern and central Europe, was due, so scientists tell us, to the powdered sand of the Sahara being borne across the Mediterranean by a sirocco. It is by no means an uncommon phenomenon, and from the earliest times, when it was considered to portend disaster, has frequently been observed.

Such rain is, however, attributable to other causes than the above, as when, in the seventeenth century, the citizens of Aix-la-Chapelle were terrified to be-

hold one morning the streets of their town sprinkled, apparently, with blood. The walls of one church were entirely covered, and fear was rapidly rising to panic, when an observant naturalist opportunely traced the cause to an immense swarm of butterflies, that in changing from the pupæ to the perfect insects had left behind them a crimson stain.

Another meteorological anomaly, which doubtless nowadays would at once receive a feasible solution, was an acorn storm which visited Morlaix, a small town in Brittany, in 1729. Rain, which had been threatening all the morning, began to fall about two o'clock with unexpected severity, accompanied by a perfect fusilade of acorns, which came with such force as to break the windows and in some cases to wound the passers-by.

Frogs have more than once descended from the skies. The Leeds *Mercury* for June, 1844, reports such a shower, when the inhabitants of Selby were surprised by the descent of a multitude of these little reptiles, which they were able to catch in their hats as they came down. They are described as having been about the size of a horsebean and of remarkable sprightliness after their aerial flight.

Many places on the continent can boast of having been visited by showers of toads, which have not only been observed in abundance upon the ground, but have even been seen to strike the roofs of houses in their descent, and to bound thence into the streets below. Such, too, as have been out in these storms have returned home literally besprinkled with minute specimens of these ungainly reptiles.

In many parts of the Orient fish-rain has often been noticed, and Sir Emerson Tennant relates that while driving

one morning near Colombo he noticed an exceedingly violent though partial shower descend at a short distance from him, and that on gaining the spot he found the ground covered with small silver fish, about two inches in length, that were leaping about in all directions.



EVILS IN EVERY LIE.

Falsehood is the resort, not only of bad people, but at times of short-sighted good people, who thus achieve an immediate object at a great ultimate expense. A Christian physician was asked whether he would tell a patient a lie if he thought this would contribute to a recovery. He replied, "I dare not. The faith my patients have in my truthfulness is one of my best means for recovering them to health. If I were to undermine that faith by falsehoods, I should be sacrificing for one man's benefit what I am entrusted with for the good of many." All lies told for some immediate good are open to the same criticism. Society coheres through our faith in one another as speaking the truth. Whatever tends to undermine faith in the general truthfulness must tend to the dissolution of the social bond and to the promotion of lawless anarchy."

Selected.



A FEW "ACCOMPLISHMENTS."

SOME one has suggested some things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play, or sing, or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following

"accomplishments" are within everybody's reach:

Shut the door, and shut it softly.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising, and rise.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing

something to make somebody comfortable.

Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Never go along with your shoes unbuttoned.

Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.

Never fidget or hum so as to disturb others.—*Ex.*



STRANGE DWELLING PLACES.



It is a mistake to suppose that the whole of 1,500,000,000 of the earth's inhabitants live upon the surface of the world. They do not. Some of them dwell beneath it. The people of Tupuselel have no need to travel far when they want to take a salt water bath. The town is built on piles, which have been driven into a submerged coral reef situated far out into the Torres Straits to the south of New Guinea. Opposite this extraordinary settlement, on the mainland, is another village that is perched high in the air among the gigantic palm trees with which the coast is fringed. The object of both communities in choosing these curious sites for their dwellings is identical. They desire to assure themselves against being surprised by their numerous enemies, and especially they seek safety from the prowling Dyak head hunters.

People afflicted with diseases not infrequently develop strange fads as regards the choice of their abiding places. Not long since, for instance, a number of consumptives agreed together to dwell within the dismal depths of the

Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. In pursuance of this extraordinary project building materials were actually carried into the cave, at considerable trouble and expense, and a tiny subterranean village sprang by degrees into existence. When it was completed it was inhabited by thirteen families.

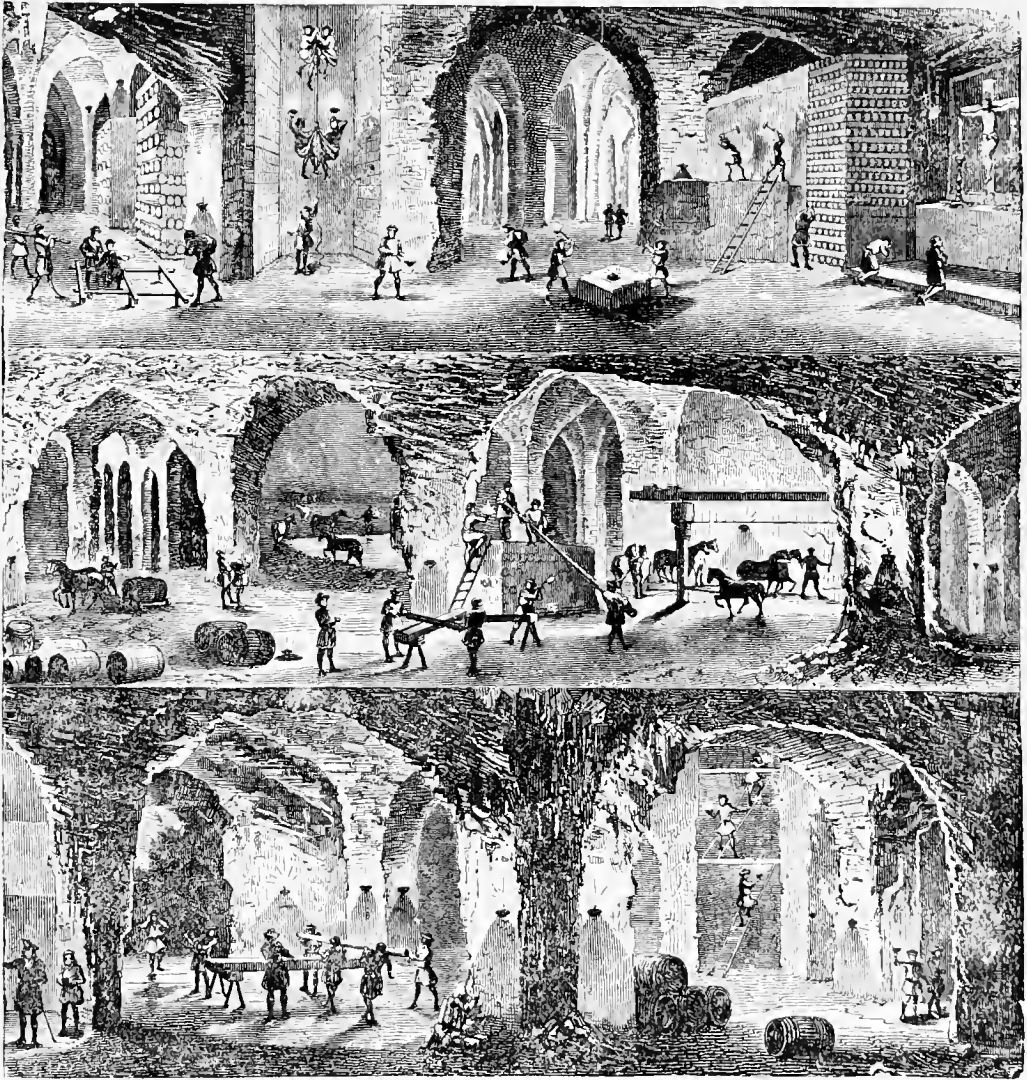
But, as might have been foreseen, the profound silence and eternal darkness of the place exerted upon the unfortunate inhabitants a deleterious effect, which far outweighed any benefit derived from the undoubtedly pure, dry air and equable temperature. Some of the invalids died, others gave up the experiment in disgust; and the houses so strangely and laboriously built are now given over to tramps, outlaws and other similar sojourners.

Better luck has attended the little colony of people similarly afflicted, who a few years back, settled within the landlocked crater bay which constitutes practically the whole interior of the volcanic island of St. Paul, in the Indian Ocean. Here they are entirely protected against all wind, no matter from what quarter of the compass it may chance to

blow; while hot natural baths at varying temperatures are always available. The ground, too, is kept at a constantly equable heat by the latent volcanic fires within. And lastly, food of all kinds is

wonder that many of those who have been cured have preferred settling on the island to returning to their homes.

Kelburg, which is situated in Poland, not far from Cracow, is one of the



A SUBTERRANEAN CITY OF SALT.

plentiful and varied, and includes such curious and unusual delicacies as sea elephants' fins and tails, and crawfish other crustacea in endless variety, and the succulent "Kerguelen cabbage." No

most extraordinary cities in the world; for not only is it entirely subterranean, but the material used in its construction is not stone or brick, but salt.

Three thousand people are resident in

its 700 houses, and they are all workers in the great salt mines. The streets and squares are paved with rock salt slabs of purest white, and are kept exquisitely neat and clean by a corps of volunteer scavengers.

The pride of the city, however, is its cathedral, carved in salt and lighted with electricity. It is gorgeously decorated, and on the high altar blazes the magnificent cross which was presented by the late Czar of Russia when he descended from the upper air in order to worship there for a brief space eleven years ago. Disease of an infectious or contagious nature is quite unknown in Kelburg; in fact, the majority of the inhabitants die of old age. A non-fatal ailment of a scorbutic type is, however, occasionally prevalent; and a mild form of ophthalmia, said to be due to the continual and all-pervading whiteness, is more or less common.

Regarded as a city of salt pure and simple, Kelburg is of course unique. But there are several other known examples of cities situated beneath the surface of the earth.

In the Peruvian province of Cuzco, for instance, is an abandoned quicksilver mine, one hundred and seventy fathoms in circumference and about one hundred in depth. And within this profound abyss are streets, squares, and a chapel, where daily religious worship is carried on.

Among the inhabitants are many old men and women who have never cared to visit the earth above them since they left it as toddling little children in the early years of the last century.

In Japan, again, thirty miles or so from Kumanotu, some twenty thousand men, women and children are permanently resident in the crater of an extinct volcano. In this pit-like city, surrounded by a vertical wall more than eight hun-

dred feet high, the entire community lives, moves, and has its being. Rarely, indeed, does one of its members make a journey into the outer world; and they are not often intruded upon, for they are of a churlish, not to say vengeful disposition.

The Etahyans, or "Arctic Highlanders" of Ross, live in ice caves within the vast glacier cap which covers all northern Greenland. Theirs is, perhaps, the most wretched and isolated existence it is possible to conceive.

Their "dwellings" are always wet, owing to the melting of the ice walls and floors. For full six months of the year the darkness of the Arctic night envelops them. The ice is around them, beneath them, above them. In nine cases out of ten, if they venture abroad they breathe the frozen particles, and the sensation is akin to that which comes from inhaling the blast of a furnace. Nevertheless they refuse to move farther south with the approach of winter, as do all the other Eskimo tribes. They take a sort of perverted pride in their loneliness as in their misery. "What matter," they say, "if we are cold and hungry? We are the last of all peoples. We dwell literally at the end of the world. To the north of us there is snow, there is ice; but there is no land, and there is nothing that lives, breathes or has independent movement."

In 1893 a wild tribe of natives was discovered in the Wentworth District of New South Wales. The tribe had its origin in a small band of runaway blacks hiding in some little known country for thirty years. During that period the horde increased to about thirty persons—men, women and children. They herded together in two low caves, which they had dug for themselves, increasing their length as fresh arrivals in the shape

of babies necessitated more room. Their only food consisted of kangaroo, wild cat, and ant eggs. Their sole weapons were spears, and these were merely stems of mallee wood, pointed and barbed. They produced fire by rubbing two sticks together, and their water was contained in bags made from the skins of Kangaroo legs.

It was noted as a curious fact that when discovered the station blacks had the greatest difficulty in making the wild tribesmen understand them, although thirty years previously they must have all spoken the same language.

Even the lake dwellings of the Europe of the far away Stone Age can be paralleled in many parts of the world at the present moment; and that not invariably, either, in regions altogether savage.

Indeed, one of the finest and most

perfect of modern pile villages is situated in the Gulf of Maracaibo in Venezuela, and almost under the guns of the fort bombarded a few months back by the German man-of-war, *Panther*.

The people who inhabit these strange dwellings are known as Guajiros, and are believed to belong to an aboriginal stock which held possession of the country long prior to the race that was there when the Spaniards arrived.

The houses are low pitched, but are strongly and commodiously built of hewn tree trunks, with floors of split bamboo stems covered with mats. They are reached from the shore by dug-out canoes punted over the shallow waters; a notched pole serves as a ladder; and the supporting piles are so firmly driven that no shakiness is perceptible, even when the rooms are crowded with visitors.



THE GREAT KEY.

CHAPTER III.

AN AWAKENING

WHAT do they do in Sunday School now, Hylde?" enquired Jim Stromberg of his little sister, one Sunday morning, not long after Sister Mason's peach festival.

"O, we have the loveliest time, and learn so many good things!" Hylde replied, her eyes brightening with hope that her brother would again become interested in the Sunday School, which to her seemed the best thing in life.

"Do you think they would have me there?" asked Jim.

Have *you* there? Of course they would, and be glad to; the teachers are

so kind to every one. Will you go this morning? That's a dear brother! It will make me so happy!" she persuaded, when her brother hesitated, "Mother liked to have you go; and Jimmy, I pray for you every day, like mother did before she died. I'll fix your collar. There, you look as nice as any girl's brother."

Placing a hand upon each of his cheeks, she kissed him affectionately, saying, "You'll go, wont you?" then she ran away to get her hat and hymn book.

The young man's face brightened at this demonstration of his little sister's affection. She had not kissed him for so long, and he had not wanted her to, but now it seemed very sweet, like the old days when his mother was alive.

He had spent more time at home lately; He had been more quiet and thoughtful too, and, for of all his past recklessness, he still had a very warm place in his heart for little Hylda.

"That dear child! she loves me in spite of my faults; I haven't been a very good brother to her, but with the help of God and my angel mother I mean to do better," he said to himself as Hylda came back to him.

How lightly her heart beat as she walked proudly into Sunday School by the side of her big, handsome brother.

Jim's and Hylda's father was a good man, but having been raised under hard circumstances, with no sympathy or encouragement from any one to help him on, when a boy in his native land, he, like too many other fathers, had not learned to give to his own that help and parental affection that all children need, and yearn for at some period in their lives.

That Sunday morning Jim listened with interest to the instructions given in the class. The lesson was from the Book of Mormon, the conversion of Alma, Mosiah 27th chapter. The young man's heart beat hard as he compared his own reckless life with that of the sinful Alma. Perhaps it was not an angel that spoke to him that night in Sister Mason's orchard, but it had seemed like one to him. And it seemed more so as he learned more of the hand dealings of the Lord with Alma. One of the class read:—

"As they were going about rebelling against God, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto them, and he spake as it were with the voice of thunder, why persecuteth thou the church of God? for the Lord hath said, 'This is my church, and I will establish it; and nothing shall overthrow it, save it be the transgression of my people.'"

Jim thought he was one of those people, and his influence was leading away the hearts of other young men and boys into transgression.

"And again the angel said, 'Behold, the Lord hath heard the prayers of His people, and also the prayers of His servant, Alma, who is thy father; for he has prayed with much faith concerning thee, that thou mightest be brought to the knowledge of the truth.'"

That, too, applied to Jim; at this particular time it came as a message from heaven, to a soul in doubt, struggling for the right. The Lord heard the prayers of His people offered for the wayward and rebellious youth in Zion. "And the prayers of His servant, thy father." Jim doubted if his father prayed for him; but he knew little Hylda did, and surely the prayers of a pure and innocent child, as she was, would be heard and answered according to her faith.

"I am glad to see you at Sunday School, Brother Stromberg, come again," said the superintendent, as Jim and Hylda passed out of the building when the exercises were over.

"Thank you, I shall," said Jim, shaking the superintendent's hand warmly.

From that time Jim Stromberg was no longer looked upon as a leader of the rough element in Pleasant Creek. He still wielded a wonderful influence over many of his life-long associates, but that influence was invariably for good. In fact he actually became a pronounced reformer.

CHAPTER IV.

STRUGGLING UPWARD.

No one knew but the Father and His angels how hard it was for Jim Stromberg to hold fast to the resolutions he made to lead a better life, and to use the influence he had over others for good.

Sometimes a desire for the old associations and wild frolics would creep into his heart. The tempter was always on the alert, and once Jim yielded to the persuasions of his old comrades so far as to join them in some Sunday evening sports, instead of attending meeting as he had been doing for some time.

Hylde missed her brother from the meeting, and on coming home. Dreading the return of his old habits, she put a light in the window and sat up to wait for him.

"What does this mean?" said Jim to himself, as he came home late and found a light still burning.

He entered quietly. There kneeling upon the hearth rug, by the big arm chair, where he first learned to lisp his baby prayer at his mother's knee, was Hylde fast asleep, her head resting upon her arms, her face turned to the light, and upon her cheeks half dried tears were visible.

The brother started back like the guilty monster he felt himself to be, at sight of her white face and silent form, she looked so like an angel! His heart smote him; he felt shame and remorse for his lack of moral strength, for he was sincere in his repentance, although he was weak.

"Poor little sister," he said, "how unworthy I am of your love! My wickedness will break your heart. O, mother! it is well that you are not here to see the follies of your poor, weak, wayward boy."

His words disturbed the girl, she sighed, opened her eyes and started up crying.

"O Jimmy, you've come, I'm so glad!" Before she could arise Jim sank upon his knees by her side, exclaiming,

"Hylde you were praying for me; thank God you did; your prayers, not my strength, brought me home to you

all right tonight! Hylde, can you forgive me? Do you think God will forgive me? For, oh Hylde, I do want to be better!"

"Were you so tempted, poor brother? Of course I can forgive you, and I'm sure the Lord will, too, if you will try harder always; and He'll help you so much if you will only pray earnestly to Him," she answered.

"You teach me to pray, I have forgotten how," he acknowledged meekly.

"O Jimmy!" She might have reproached him for neglecting so grave a duty, but child as she was, she realized the great help she had derived from Sister Mason's kind, motherly teachings, and the influence of Maud and others of her friends, whose parents were strict Latter-day Saints. Would she have done so well as he, if she had been unfortunate, as he had, in the choice of companions, and been left to drift away from the influence of those who would help her?

The look of surprise on Hylde's face softened to one of sympathy and love as she saw the remorse her brother felt for his wrong doing.

Kneeling there together they poured out their souls in prayer, the one like a confiding child speaking to a loving father; the other as a repentant sinner at the bar of justice.

It was at that time the young man learned the value of the all important lesson contained in the following sentiment:

"Prayer is to heaven's door the great, white key,
In Faith, Oh Penitent, approach and knock!
Thy Father's gracious welcome hear, and see
His hand of love extended to unlock.
A duplicate from that hand falls in thine,
Oh, hold most sacredly that gift divine."

"Good evening, boys! We have a fine program for the mutual, won't you all come to meeting? We'll be so glad

to have you there!" Jim said to a crowd of boys he met on a street corner as he was going to the young folks' improvement meeting.

"What do we care for your religion, 'Old turn coat?' " answered one.

"How can we tell whether we care for a thing or not, that we have not tested?" asked Jim. "We have other things as well as religion that are interesting and instructive. Come and judge for yourselves if it isn't better than loafing here in the cold. I have tried both, and can speak from experience, now," he continued.

"Come on, Ben, there'll be some good singing and music; you'll enjoy that, I'm sure," and Jim took the arm of his former chum, Ben Carroll and led the way, followed by the other boys, most of whom found their way into the meeting house.

Nor did Jim's influence for good among the young men rest there. He worked and sympathized with them on all occasions, seeking and making opportunities, until most, if not every one of his old "Larking Club" were members of the improvement association, and also of the Sunday School.

Most earnestly did he labor with Ben Carroll. The pampered son of well-to-do parents, Ben had lived an idle, reckless life; and, naturally weak both physically and morally, he found it hard indeed to give up his old habits. When under Jim's influence he would express sorrow over his youthful follies; he promised time after time to do better, but with the first temptation fell back again.

"There's only one way for you, Ben," Jim said to him one day.

"What's that?" Ben asked.

"You have to go to the Lord in humility. He'll help you, no one else can. But for His goodness and Hylda's pray-

ers, I should have gone to the bad long ago."

"Hylda don't pray for me, and neither does Belle," said Ben.

Belle was his pretty, proud, ambitious sister, like her mother, a society favorite.

"And you don't pray for yourself, Ben," remarked his friend.

"Well—no, the fact is, Jim, I don't know how to pray," Ben admitted.

"You can learn; I'll tell you, Ben, we've got to make an effort for ourselves or we'll never get salvation; I've learned that, and it's true. Hylda prayed for me, but I had to pray for myself, and will have to as long as I live.

A seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

"Now, Ben, I'll pray with you and help you as Hylda did me, but you'll have to work hard for yourself."

At Jim's suggestion the two boys met occasionally and prayed together in secret, and both were strengthened by the exercise of their united faith.

One evening, however, Ben failed to keep his appointment. After waiting for some time for him, Jim went home, and later called at Mrs. Carroll's to see Ben. He was much grieved to find his young friend very ill.

He had a raging fever which continued for a week. The doctor gave little hope for his recovery. Jim visited him often, his presence seeming to comfort the suffering boy.

"Oh, Mr. Stromberg, I am so glad you have come! Ben is much better tonight, and has been enquiring for you," Belle announced one evening, when Jim came in to sit for awhile with his friend.

The fever had left Ben too weak to speak aloud. His countenance brightened when Jim went into his room, but the death-like pallor settled again upon his face and for some time the poor boy

lay with closed eyes and one thin, cold hand resting in Jim's strong, warm one.

Members of the family tiptoed into the sick chamber, and pleased to find their dear one apparently so comfortable, one by one they retired to rest, knowing that Jim was a faithful watcher.

"They are gone?" whispered Ben when the two boys were alone.

"Yes, for a little while, your mother needs rest. I'll stay right here beside you, and do all I can for you," was Jim's reassuring answer as he laid his hand tenderly upon the damp curls of his friend.

Ben's father was a man entirely absorbed in financial affairs, and saw little of his family.

"Jim, you've been kind to me—I thank you! When I'm gone—give my love to the boys and tell—them—to be good!" came in a faltering voice from the sick boy.

"O, don't say that, Ben!" You're going to be well and active as any of us, soon," Jim said cheerily.

"No—Jim," Ben whispered, "I'm going to die, but I'm not afraid to—now. I know—that God has forgiven me, and He is taking me away from the temptations that I might not be able to resist. Do what you can for mother and Belle—they'll miss me most."

His eyes closed wearily, then he murmured, "Poor mother! and my little brothers—God keep them from temptation."

As the moon slid slowly down the western sky, its beams passed through the curtained window, mingling its sliver light upon the pillow with the golden hair of the silent sleeper. The hush of death had settled for the first time upon that hitherto happy, but too worldly home.

Jim Stromberg did all he could to assist and comfort the grief stricken family.

Mrs. Carroll, at first prostrated with grief, found consolation in the words of comfort that the young man was able to offer, for in the two years which had passed since the beginning of his reformation, Jim had studied the Gospel and learned to appreciate the glorious promises held out to those who die in the Lord, as well as for the living who love and serve Him.

"O my boy! my poor neglected boy! how can I live without him?" sobbed the heart broken mother.

"Sister Carroll, your boy felt that our Heavenly Father was kind in taking him from the temptations that so often overcame him here. Death had no sting for him except in the sorrow it would cause his loved ones," Jim answered, soothingly. "And," he continued, "Brother Kimball said Sunday evening in meeting that our loved ones who are dead, can very often do more far more for us than they could if they were still living. He was sure that his parents, both of whom died while he was a child, had helped him many times; he had felt the power of their presence with him often when he most needed help and guidance. And I could verify his testimony in my own experience in life; and I'm sure, Sister Carroll, that your boy will often be near you, and will rejoice to see you teach and train his little brothers so that they will not stumble where he did. Remember the children that are left to your care, live for them, and bring them up in the fear of the Lord, and you will find such peace to your soul as you never could have known but for this. We are taught that whom the Lord loves He chastens; if because of His love, He allows us to be afflicted, we should rejoice that we are counted worthy of His chastisement."

"If I only had your faith and trust in the Lord, Brother Stromberg, it might

be easy to endure this terrible blow, but I haven't," she said.

"No, such trials are never, never easy, Sister Carroll, only as our Heavenly Father makes them so, but He will do it if we trust in Him," Jim answered.

In the days that followed, the mother thought often of Jim's words, "Remember your children that are left, and bring them up in the fear of the Lord." Ben had been neglected, left to seek his own companions, and pastime, while she had given her time and thought to "Society." Now she could see the shallowness of

such a life as her's most certainly had been.

The physicians had told Mrs. Carroll that the early and continued use of tobacco and other poisons had so undermined Ben's constitution that when he suddenly quit them all, the reaction was too great a strain for the enfeebled nervous system to undergo, and he had to die. This, with other painful lessons which she learned, helped Mrs. Carroll wonderfully in the training of her younger boys, which became her life work from the time of Ben's death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



CURRENT TOPICS.

WHY NOT IN UTAH?

NOW that South Dakota has carried on a series of successful experiments in raising macaroni wheat, why not introduce its culture in Utah? It is certainly more valuable to the farmer than the ordinary kind of wheat. It is true that we do not eat much macaroni in Utah, but those who have traveled in Italy and have learned to eat the deliciously prepared macaroni of the Italians would appreciate a more extended macaroni diet among us. Macaroni is more nutritious even than the ordinary wheat flour.

The Agricultural College station in South Dakota announces the following test per acre: On an acre of ground 30 bushels of macaroni wheat were raised, which sold at 75 cents per bushel; the product, therefore, was \$22.50. On a similar acre of ground twelve bushels of ordinary wheat grew which was sold at 70 cents per bushel; the product being

\$8.40. Here was a clear gain on an acre of ground in the macaroni wheat over the ordinary kind of \$14.10.

In South Dakota it is not merely an experiment, for the people of that state planted last year 150,000 acres of goose wheat, the corrupted name for macaroni wheat. This year the acreage will be doubled, and as it brings a higher price than ordinary wheat and yields from 60 to 120 per cent more than the blue stem or Fife wheats, its surplus commercial value will at once be appreciated.

Prof. Carleton of Manhattan, cerealist of the United States Department of Agriculture, declares that the profitable growth of macaroni wheat in this country has been thoroughly established, and he believes that if the farmers of the West would turn their attention to its culture it would not be long before 50,000, bushels of wheat would be added to that grown annually in the United States. Furthermore the experiments have established the important fact that it may

be grown with less moisture than the ordinary kind, and that spring wheat growers from North Dakota to Texas can raise in great abundance the macaroni wheat. He says it may be easily grown in such regions as Arizona and Idaho and in the dryest parts of Washington and Oregon.

With regard to the nutritious value of macaroni flour, Prof. Shepard of the Agricultural college of South Dakota, after careful experiments, says:

"Bread made from macaroni wheat is much more nutritious than the ordinary kind. Macaroni wheat which I analyzed produced commonly about 16 per cent. of protein. There seems to be a large amount of misapprehension about the milling properties of macaroni wheat. A small roller mill was installed at this station, which demonstrated that the milling of this variety offers no difficulty, requiring only a little more power, because it is so much harder."

The macaroni wheat known in this country for the past thirty years has not been of the pure kind and has not, therefore, been of use to American macaroni manufacturers. South Dakota is now increasing its acreage as fast as the seed can be obtained. If the ordinary wheat can be grown to advantage on our dry farms, there seems to be no reason why the macaroni variety may not produce a surer and more valuable crop. It is well worth our attention; at any rate there is abundant reason why we should make the experiment and add, if possible, very greatly to the resources of our farms, and it may be, bring into valuable use thousands of acres of land now considered useless.

A PRUSSIAN'S CODE OF HONOR.

THOSE who have visited Berlin realize something of what it means to be a Prussian officer. He is a sort of char-

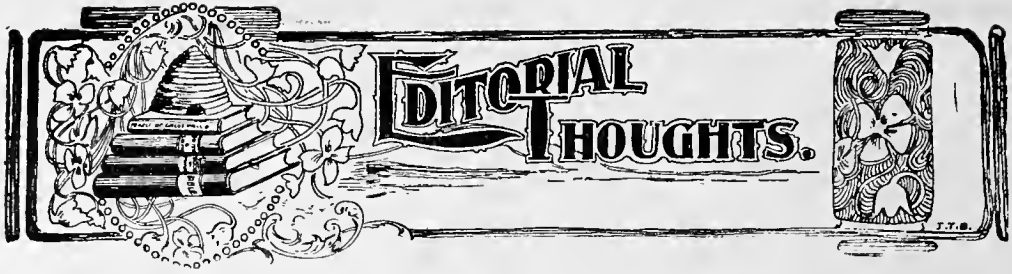
acter par-excellence everywhere. The Prussian is not only a military figure, but a man of social pre-eminence. These officers have their codes of honor and insist that they be maintained in the most scrupulous manner in every detail.

In a divorce suit recently instituted by the wife of one of these officers, a curious illustration of the code of honor was brought out by the officer on the witness stand. It appears that a disagreement and a quarrel arose between the officer and his wife. During the quarrel she charged him with being too cowardly to strike her. Such an accusation against a Prussian officer was a deadly insult. Here was a Prussian officer accused of cowardice. Under ordinary circumstances, the code of honor would have told him just what to do, but the situation was a new one. The accuser was his wife; there stood his honor on the one side, and the wife on the other. Honor prevailed and he struck his wife.

Upon the witness stand he gave the following explanation: "If the wife of another officer had thus insulted me, I could at least have challenged her husband to a duel; but I could not challenge myself because my own wife insulted me. In this predicament I lighted a candle, sat down and thought. Then I arose and three times asked my wife to withdraw the insulting remark and apologize. She thrice refused to do so. Thereupon, as it was my duty to enforce satisfaction for the insult, I seized a stick and beat my wife."



The clock struck nine I looked at Kate,
Whose lips were luscious red.
"At quarter after nine I mean
To steal a kiss," I said.
She cast a roguish look at me,
And then she whispered low,
With just the sweetest smile, "That clock
Is fifteen minutes slow."



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, - AUG. 1, 1903.

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A WORD TO PRESIDING AUTHORITIES.



PROFESSOR FERNOW, of the Department of Forestry at Washington, declares that at the present rate of consumption our supply of timber suitable for manufactured lumber will not last thirty years. If it were true that our lumber supply was likely to be exhausted within the next hundred years, it would still be a matter of alarming concern to the people of this country. The use of lumber is not the only serious question involved. Our trees aid the precipitation of moisture and store it away for its gradual distribution during the hot summer months.

The time is not distant in Utah when

people will be compelled to grow their own lumber just as they grow other products of the farm. What would we do without Oregon and the Sierras of Nevada? Oregon timber may now be very extensive and rainfall ample, but some day the Oregonians will demand a cessation of their forest destruction.

The next Utah Legislature should take some steps looking to the increase of our forestry resources for the future in Utah. Trees do not mature in a year or two, and we must take some action or Utah will be in a deplorable condition through scarcity of lumber before many years. It is said that there are some thirty thousand saw mills in this country and that they are cutting at a rate of forty thousand billion feet a year. Steel may do much to supply former uses of timber, but there is no likelihood that it will soon make any perceptible decrease in our enormous demand for lumber. We owe something to future generations and those that declare "plenty more where that came from" are recklessly indifferent to the gravest responsibilities.

It is the business of presiding authorities in the stakes and wards of the Church to study thoughtfully and to forward the interests of the people. It is to be hoped that these authorities will look into the matter of establishing the forestry industry and see if something can be done in their sections of the country to inaugurate the planting of trees on private estates for the supply of lumber in years to come. It would be commendable in the highest degree to the Latter-day Saints if they would set apart here

and there a small acreage of their land to tree culture. If this matter were taken up in priesthood meetings and some united action agreed upon, future disaster may be averted.

The Latter-day Saints ought not to be governed by purely selfish motives in the use of their landed inheritances. The number among us who have converted a single acre of our farms into forestry must be extremely small, and yet it is a duty which we owe to ourselves and to those who have the right to rely upon us to give this matter our earnest consideration. The cultivation of timber lands will in time be remunerative; but we are so accustomed to look for immediate returns that we insist upon an early harvest for all that we do. The policy of living for today is not only destructive of our material interests, but it begets a selfishness harmful to religion and discreditable to patriotism.

No ward or branch of the Church can long remain free from a public interest

without endangering its spiritual life and the spirit of progress. Public interests are necessary to protect us against the elements of social and material decay. Evidences of the truth of these principles are abundantly manifest in those communities where public spirit has been wanting and public improvements have not been undertaken for years. The wise and active president of a stake or bishop of a ward will not fail to appreciate the value of a public spirit and a united effort in the accomplishment of some necessary and commendable public undertaking; and if there is not something immediately at hand, he will look about to discover, if he can, a means for calling out in a united and patriotic way the energies of the people. We here therefore suggest that one of the public duties which every Latter-day Saint owes to the Church and to his country is the extension of valuable timber forests upon both private lands and public domains. *Jos. F. Smith.*



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CHURCH COURTS IN LAND DISPUTES.

QUESTION: Has a Bishop's court authority to try cases involving land disputes?

ANSWER: Before our lands were surveyed by the government, settlements had been formed and boundaries clearly established. After the survey was made it was found that, as a general thing, the lines of a quarter section would run through the lands of more than one settler; and in order that every man might have title to that which belonged to him, one of the interested parties would comply with the provisions of the law and obtain the title, and after doing this he would deed to the others such portions of the homestead entry as belonged to

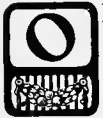
them; and it was not an uncommon thing for our Church courts to settle disputes arising under these circumstances. But since the government survey it has not been customary for Church courts to entertain complaints involving the title to lands, and the same may be said with respect to water. All disputes involving legal titles must be adjudicated by courts of competent jurisdiction. The point is this, Church courts must not undertake to interfere with the legal rights of any member.

President Young held that when any person secures title to land from the government, part of which has been occupied and cultivated by others, he or

she should respect the rights of such persons by being willing to deed to them the land they have improved, provided that they pay their share of the expenses incurred in securing the government title, and also a fair remuneration to the pre-emptor or homesteader, for the loss of his or her pre-emption or homestead right in proportion to the amount of land which the various parties received.



FROM PEASANT TO PRINCE.



ONE of the frequent remarks of Dr. Alcott, the celebrated author, of a former generation, was, "keep your eyes open." By this he meant be on the alert to observe things; cultivate the faculty of observation. This power is well worth training, for if one learns to make the right use of his eyes, he is better prepared to study men and things in a way to make success more certain. A good pair of eyes, with an active, inquisitive mind behind them, are of inestimable value no matter what one's station in life may be. The following somewhat similar version of a story found among the Russian Historical Tales may possibly show the value of this faculty.

A poor boy, Mentchikof by name, had made his way to Moscow and there found employment with a baker who sent him out daily with a basket of mince pies, which he was to sell in the streets. The boy had no education whatever, but he had a musical voice and an attractive manner which stood him in good stead in proclaiming the merits of his pies. He became so widely known for his songs and stories that he was often invited into gentlemen's houses to entertain company. His voice, wit, and keen power of observation ended in making him a prince of the empire, a

favorite of the czar, and in the end virtually the emperor of Russia.

One day young Menchikof happened to be in the kitchen of a boyar's house where dinner was being prepared for the ruler, Peter the Great, and he overheard the master of the house give special directions to his cook about a dish of meat of which he said the czar was especially fond. He then noticed that the master, while the cook's back was turned, slyly dropped a powder into the meat as if it were some sort of spice.

This act seemed rather suspicious to the acute lad, and his active, inquisitive mind began to penetrate the design of the boyar. Observing closely the composition of the dish he went into the street where he began again to entertain the passers-by in the hope thereby of selling his pies. He kept near the boyar's house until the czar arrived; then the lad raised his voice to its highest pitch and began to sing in his most lively manner. The czar attracted by the boy's voice and amusing actions, called him to his side and asked if he would sell his stock in trade, basket and all.

"I have orders only to sell the pies," he replied. "I cannot sell the basket without asking my master's leave. But, as everything in Russia belongs to your majesty, you have only to lay on me your commands."

This answer so pleased the monarch that he bade the boy come with him into the house and wait on him at the table. This the boy was very happy to do as it was just the opportunity he had wished for.

The dinner went on very pleasantly. Mentchikof waited on the czar with all the skill and tact he could command, watching and observing carefully for the suspected dish. At length it was placed before the czar. The boy then leaned forward and tremblingly whispered to the monarch not to touch that dish.

Quick to suspect that something was wrong, the czar arose and walked into the next room, bidding the boy to follow.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Why should I not eat of that particular dish?"

"Because I am afraid it is not all right," answered the boy. "I happened to be in the kitchen while it was being prepared and saw the master, when the cook's back was turned, drop a powder into the dish. I do not know what all this meant, but thought it my duty to put your majesty on your guard."

"Thanks for your shrewdness, my lad," said the czar; "I will bear it in mind."

Peter returned to the table, giving no indication whatever that he had heard anything unusual.

"I should like your majesty to try that dish," said the boyar. "I fancy that you will find it very fine."

"Come, sit here beside me," suggested Peter.

The czar then put some of the suspected dish on a plate and placed it before his host.

"No doubt it is good," he said. "Try some of it yourself and set me the example."

At this request, the host became ex-

ceedingly confused and tremblingly replied that it was not fitting for a servant to eat with his master.

"It is becoming to a dog, if I wish it," answered Peter, at the same time placing the plate on the floor before a dog which was in the room.

The dog soon emptied the dish, and in a short time the poor animal fell dead before the assembled company.

"Is this the dish you recommended so highly," said Peter, fixing a terrible look on the shrinking boyar. "So I was to take the place of that dead dog?"

The czar ordered the dog to be opened and examined, and the investigation proved that its death was due to poison.

The cowardly boyar was found dead in bed the next morning, having taken his own life to escape the terrible punishment he no doubt would have received at Peter's hands.

The lad's keen observation and loyalty had won for him a secure place in the heart of the ruler. The pie-vender soon became the indispensable companion of the czar, helped him in his workshop, and attended him in his wars. In 1704 he was given the rank of general, and at the czar's request he was made a prince of the Holy Roman Empire.

Selected.



"ONE MAN IN HIS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS.—HIS ACTS BEING SEVEN AGES."

A short sketch of the journey made by Phil Margetts in the year 1850, from Liverpool, England, to Salt Lake City, Utah, which occupied seven months of almost continuous travel, with a few Photos of some of his associates in the drama in early days.

ACT FIRST.—On board of a sailer bound for New Orleans.

ACT SECOND.—On the "Uncle Sam" traveling up the Mississippi to St. Louis.

ACT THIRD.—On the steam boat, for St. Joseph.

ACT FOURTH.—Driving loose stock overland to Council Bluffs—A veritable "Cow-Boy."

ACT FIFTH.—Driving three yoke of cattle from Missouri River to the upper crossing of the Platte.

ACT SIXTH.—Leaves the train, and with two others makes the journey, four hundred miles, to Salt Lake City on foot.

ACT SEVENTH.—Arrived in Salt Lake City September 1st., 1850. Sans home, Sans friends, Sans cash, Sans everything.

One who is greater than all others in the depicting of human nature, its incidents and its accidents, its mimicry and its sympathy, its sorrows and its misfortunes, said: "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." He, the greatest of the bards, "a man within whose veins there seemed to be the blood of every race, and in whose brain there were the poetry and philosophy of a world, a man whose name will never die—the immortal Shakespeare." The sentence above quoted has some of the elements of immortality, in that it relates to things past, present and to come, showing by an innate perception of what man is in his best and his worst estate. What he ought to be, may be and will be is illustrated by the mirror which is some times

Held up to nature on the mimic stage.

Man enacts a part from the cradle to the grave, perhaps I ought to say, he enacts several parts, all converging to one common character, all illustrated in a production of that same Bard of Avon, entitled. "The Seven Ages of Man." We have all a common birth and a common ending, between these two points everything is uncertain. Our parts are so diversified, our occupations, our means of subsistence, our associations, our tastes, our habits, our proceedings and our methods are so greatly at variance, that when we come to calmly contemplate the situation we are led to wonder why it is that a class of people whose

initial and terminal points are so exactly the same, should vary so greatly on their journey between those points—but they do.

While penning the above, I am forcibly reminded of a long, and tedious pilgrimage of nearly ten thousand miles that thousands of the Latter-day Saints started out to—and *did*—accomplish, during the early settling of Utah. The suffering on that journey, endured by men, women and children, both mental and physical, coupled with the great, and noble sacrifices that they were willing to make for their belief in the new dispensation and the gathering of the Saints, will never be known or even correctly guessed by those living today.

Many years ago, I am afraid to contemplate how many, there lived in Her Majesty's dominions, "A youth to fortune and to fame unknown," whose occupation was that of many another of his class and time; which though honorable and productive of sufficient financial results to insure his temporal well-being, was not of such a nature as was calculated in itself to place him in the front rank of men; perhaps for the reason that it was an essentially useful occupation. For be it known that genius rarely grows in useful soil, and great men seldom arrive at greatness through the daily and heavily trod paths of mediocrity. But he lived and learned and thrived, till one day it dawned upon him as by a visitation from above, that there were greener fields and pastures new where the probabilities were equal to the possibilities, far surpassing those which immediately surrounded him. He had learned from those who had come into the community where he lived, on an errand of peace, love and mercy, of a land beyond the sea, whose confines were fringed by the golden sunset, and whose eastern shore was laved by the

same ocean, that surrounded the land in which he was born and raised; that there were more fertile fields, more fruitful gardens and more splendid prospects, as well as a greater degree of personal privileges and political liberty, than those his associates enjoyed at home.

It sounded almost like a fairy tale, like a dream of some Arcadia, but it seemed to be so authentic, so reliable in its details, so exact in its minutia, that he in common with others, decided to forsake the land of his nativity, the associations of his childhood, and embark for the land of promise. So, on the ninth day of January 1850, having made all his preparations, he shook his friends warmly by the hand, and wished them, as they wished him, "God speed" in all their lives, and turned his back resolutely upon the spot consecrated in his memory by so many endearing scenes and associations and set his face toward the new land. As the gallant ship bore him out of the harbor he turned a long, lingering glance at the land made great by its great men, and proud by its illustrious position among the nations of the earth, and a silent tear dropped from his cheek as he said—"My native land I love you, though I leave you."

After a long and tedious voyage, with nothing but the dreary waste of waters beneath, and the canopy of heaven above, the glad announcement came one day that the new country was in sight. That the person to whom I refer, was myself must be already apparent, and when I look back upon that voyage of fifty-five days and contrast it with the rapid transit now in vogue, I say almost involuntarily, "What hath God wrought?"

The hardships were not merely in the length of time, but also in the crowding together in the small space, of so many

human beings, the sense of being circumscribed to so small a sphere whereby exercise was measurably cut off, the dull monotony of the surroundings and the almost unvarying routine of everyday life, which weighed heavily on some who were not accustomed to such things and whose spirits were not naturally exuberant. Those who have never been on such a voyage cannot realize by any effort of mine how tiresome the thing is, and when to the unrelieved situation is added the startling dramatic effect of seasickness it seems as though human misery had reached its climax and there was nothing left to hope for.

Sea-sickness like many of the other ills which we encounter doesn't last long, and we are so constituted that it seems impossible while contemplating one scene in the drama of life, to look to the change which is shortly to follow; we see the clouds hanging thickly and darkly around us, and contemplate them only, overlooking the fact, the assured fact, that dark and lowering though they be, the sun still shines somewhere, and will break through the gloom with his splendor undimmed, the same as though his glorious face had never been hidden from our view.

Well, I landed at New Orleans, and proceeded upon a much more pleasant and interesting trip on the bosom of the Father of Waters. I wish I had the language to describe all that was beautiful that met our eyes hour after hour as we proceeded plowing our way through the mighty current which sweeps onward and empties into the Gulf of Mexico. It was a beautiful panorama, from the Bayous of the Mississippi and the swamps of Louisiana, to the splendid plantations and magnificent residences skirting the shore. The alligator sunned himself lazily on the beach, and at every landing the colored man and

brother appeared in all the majesty which home spun clothes and bare feet can impart. After about two weeks residence on that good old steam boat, which I presume many now living remember, the "Uncle Sam," we arrived at St. Louis. Leaving that city, I took the steamboat for St. Joseph and stemmed the current of the muddy Missouri for several hundred miles. From St. Joseph I assisted in driving loose cattle to Council Bluffs, at that time the bivouac of the westward bound pilgrims, there to embark upon another and more dreary journey than those which had preceded it, for it was through a wilderness inhabited only by savages with no other trace of civilization than the trails made by those who had gone before. You cannot imagine how startling I found the contrast between what had been presented to, and created in my fanciful mind when at home, as the picture of what I was to see in the new land, and the realization.

There were none of the conveniences, the comforts and beauties which adorned life in the land of my birth. Everything partook of that rudeness which of necessity intruded into, and upon the methods and habits of a new and, to some extent, uncultivated country. It was like entering a new existence, except for the consolation which my belief and faith afforded, and the expected congratulations and greetings of friends upon arrival, and that indescribable something which prompts us to overlook the present, and peer hopefully into the future. There is no mistaking the fact, it was a wilderness, forbidding and desolate, but hope sustained me, and inspired me with confidence in what was to come.

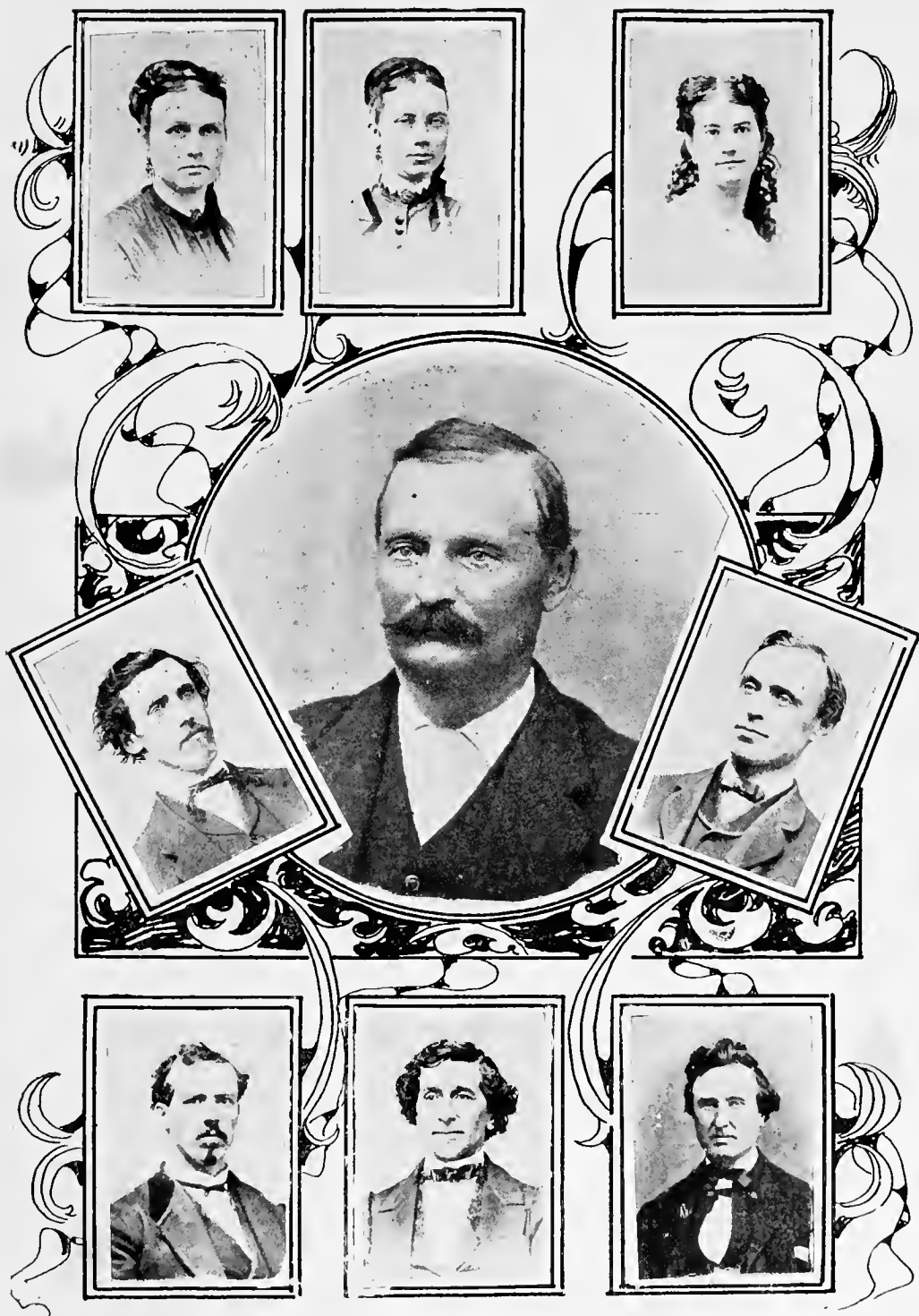
As the company proceeded westward from point to point, I could not help noting how nearly everything emanating

from the immortal bard bears the touch of inspiration even in the dreary wilderness, at the mountain top, along the rivers, and among the pines, everywhere appeared in unmistakable characters the edict that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

Every day was to us a new drama, every incident a new scene, and the company the *dramatis personae* and the audience in one. The incidents took a wide range, running all the way from the lively to the severe, from the devotionally religious to the completely ridiculous, from the profoundly serious to the irresistibly comic—each in its turn and neither long.

I cannot, with this opportunity refrain, from mentioning a few points strongly representing the phases and conditions I have referred to. Three of the company, myself included, with a hope of strengthening the supplies of the others, and to overtake, if possible, a train, and thus facilitate our onward march, when within about four hundred miles of our destination, started out on foot to complete the journey, taking with us but little, for there was but little to spare. We were entirely strangers, as you may readily understand, to the country and everything in it.

The cholera this season was raging fearfully, consequently the route was thickly marked with the graves of the California immigration who had preceded us and had fallen by the wayside, partly from this fell scourge, and partly through exhaustion and other causes. It seemed at times as though we were passing through the valley of the shadow of death. A few days after leaving the train, as I remember well, having made a fire of sagebrush and camped for the night, we were treated to the most unmusical serenade that ever curdled hu-



MARGARET G. CLAWSON
JOHN S. LINDSAY
JAMES M. HARDIE

A. A. ADAMS
BERNARD SNOW
HENRY MAIBEN

SARA ALEXANDER
DAVID M'KENZIE
HENRY E. BOWRING

man blood. A pack of wolves, fierce and hungry, hovered around the camp and made night hideous, from dewy eve till early morn. The cause of this free entertainment was not disclosed to us until daylight, when we found that we had camped where the creatures were expecting to banquet, it being in the centre of a spot where the remains of fifty or sixty persons had been interred. These we discovered to our horror and dismay, were mostly unearthed. It is impossible to conceive of anything more ghastly than the sight that thus met our startled gaze.

Our provisions soon became exhausted, and then not more than one-fourth of our march had been completed. We were hungry, foot-sore and weak, and one day just when absolute exhaustion seemed inevitable, a friendly ox who had been left by a train apparently just ahead of us, was found by the road side. He could not bid us welcome, as he doubtless would have done had he been able to speak his feelings, but we welcomed him most heartily. It was a peculiar welcome, for the interview had no sooner began than we commenced devising means for the slaughter of the ox in order that death might be averted in our own case. The only weapons we had were pocket knives, and shortly after we had determined to insert the longest blade into some vital part of the beast, the welcome sound of cow-bells was heard beyond a neighboring ridge. The music that was wafted by the minstrel to his lady fair in the "bowers of Semiramis" was discord, compared with that with which those homely bells greeted us. It was to that ox, a "ram in the thicket," for we knew that there were some of our kind at hand, and we found them. It was an ox train bound for the valley of the great inland sea. We were relieved of our wants

and again proceeded on our way rejoicing.

Time wore on till the journey ended. The trials, privations and incidents which we met on the route during our nineteen days' journey, walking most of the time, with little or no food, would perhaps be interesting to read, but anything but pleasant to pass through again. The romance we must leave to the imagination of our readers. At last we stood within the shade of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, the center of as much civilization as had found its way to the west—the city of the Great Salt Lake.

As previously stated in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, soon after arriving in Salt Lake City, myself and a few others organized the first dramatic association in Utah. In this number of the JUVENILE I take the liberty to introduce the portraits of a few of my old associates in the drama of years ago, those who appeared in public in the Old Bowery, Social Hall, and the Salt Lake Theatre. Many of the members of the old Deseret Dramatic Association are with us still, greatly advanced in years, greatly changed in circumstances, and surrounded by conditions vastly different from of yore; others, and the majority, have gone to join the great throng which has passed away, and in the silent shades of the impenetrable hereafter await our coming.

Phil Margetts.



A little girl asked her father one day to taste a most delicious apple. What remained was ruefully inspected a moment, then she asked: "Do you know, papa, how I can tell you are big without looking at you?" "I cannot say," was the reply. "I can tell by the bite you took out of my apple," was the crushing answer.



HALO AND OTHERS.

CHAPTER XII.

The Dedication of the Salt Lake Temple.

I passed within the Temple doors,
 Its sacred halls I trod,
 And heard the Prophets dedicate
 That glorious house to God.
 And then "To God and the Lamb" arose;
 Those joyous shouts again,
 "Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna,
 Amen, amen, amen!"

WHEN the year had passed and the sixth of April, 1893, had come, the Latter-day Saints had kept the sacred covenant they had made a year before.

They had indeed put forth mighty efforts to assist in finishing the Temple. And the Lord had so favored and prospered them that the marvelous event of doing three or four years work in one had been accomplished, and the Temple was ready to be dedicated to the Lord.

The first meeting to be held in the Temple was a very select one of the highest authorities in the Church and a few other faithful and trusted ones. Halo's father was honored with an invitation to be present at that first meeting; but like the great majority of the people Halo and his mother had to wait for a number of days before their time came.

Just at the time when the favored few were gathering at the Temple, and entering there for the first dedicatory services, a terrible wind storm arose, and so fiercely and wildly it raged that

one of the great, thick glass window panes of the Temple was broken. The storm seemed worse close to the Temple than anywhere else. Halo kept very near to his mother in their home, for the short time that the wind storm raged the hardest.

"Mother," he said, putting his face close to hers (he had to do that to make her hear him, in the midst of the racket which was made by the wind) "do you want to know what I think is the matter just now?"

"Yes," answered Lessie, "What is it, Halo?"

"I think," said the little boy, "that the bad man doesn't like it because the Temple is going to be dedicated to the Lord. And so he is stirring up this great storm to try and keep the brethren from going to the Temple to dedicate it. Don't you think it looks like that, mother?"

"Yes," said Lessie, "it does seem as though that might be the cause of the storm. I hope no one will be hurt."

"They that are in the Temple will be all right," said Halo. "I guess papa is safe enough."

But after awhile Halo's papa came home, and said he had not been in the Temple meeting at all. Lessie and Halo were surprised at that, but Laurence explained the matter. He had been at the gate with others when the storm commenced. Older brethren than himself had been blown about so that they

had to cling to trees on the sidewalk to keep from being carried away by the wind. Instead of crowding in himself, as others of the younger and stronger brethren around him had done, Laurence helped the aged ones to keep their heads uppermost in the gale, and to get into the Temple. This work he carried on as rapidly as he could until the Temple door was closed and he was left on the outside. He did not regret it, he said, for he could not have enjoyed being in meeting if he had left one aged brother, whom he might have helped, and crowded in himself.

"You will get into heaven, 'all right, Laurence," said Lessie, with a smile, "but it will be when you have to help carry some one else in, and not when you might go in on your own account."

Halo could hardly see how his father could be happy, as he seemed to be, having missed so great a privilege as it would have been to attend that first grand meeting in the house of the Lord. But still the little boy felt that his father's kind consideration for the happiness of others, and the sacrifice he had made to help the aged and weak, was a fine example and should be a lasting lesson to himself.

Laurence and Lessie had the privilege of being present at one of the dedicatory meetings of the Temple, after a few days. But little Halo had to wait until the time for the Sunday Schools to visit the Temple and share in the services held for its dedication. That time did not come until the twenty-first and twenty-second of April.

When the Sunday School to which Halo and his mother belonged went to the Temple it was another beautiful morning, like the one when the capstone was laid.

Halo was very eager to be at the gate in good time, and he spared no pains to

be in perfect readiness when his mother was ready to accompany him.

Lessie handed her little son a nice, clean handkerchief that he could have to wave when that part of the services should come, and as she closed his drawer she said,

"You can leave it folded as it is until we are called upon to wave our handkerchiefs." But she opened the drawer again and said, "Here, you had better take this extra one, you may have occasion to use one before the time for waving it comes." So Halo had two handkerchiefs in his pockets as he went joyously to the meeting house from which their school was to march.

How peaceful and holy everything seemed that morning! During the night before a gentle shower of rain had fallen, just enough to prevent the raising of any dust as the schools marched in perfect order and without the least disturbance of any kind, to the Temple.

Halo was glad his mother was a teacher in the Sabbath School, and so was she, for that gave her the privilege of going to the Temple that morning with her dear little Sunday School boy. And that was indeed a privilege, one never to be forgotten; to meet in the great assembly room of the holy Temple with hundreds of little children. Pure, spotless souls of whom Jesus had said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

Lessie felt that it must be a foretaste of heaven itself to be surrounded as she was by so many innocent beings in so holy a place.

After singing and prayer, President Lorenzo Snow arose and spoke to the children, giving them instructions about waving their handkerchiefs and shouting the hosannas. He had the vast congregation arise and practice the waving of handkerchiefs first before he said they were ready to shout.

A little boy who sat the next to Halo did not wave his handkerchief, to which Halo called his mother's attention.

Lessie asked the child why he did not join with the others in waving his handkerchief, and was told that he had forgotten to bring one with him.

Halo was very glad then that he had two handkerchiefs with him and could lend his little neighbor one, though he did not know his name. And Lessie was glad also for the thoughtful kindness shown by her own little boy. How appropriate the thought and action seemed to the place and occasion!

When President Snow gave the signal for all the congregation to arise again and follow him, waving their handkerchiefs and shouting "Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna! to God and the Lamb! Amen, amen, amen!" Halo entered so into the spirit of praising the Lord in that way, that it seemed to his mother he was almost carried off his feet. And looking into his face as he shouted she saw a light from heaven upon it like the glory of the Lord, such as she had never seen before. She also saw that all the children's faces were lighted in a similar manner. And Lessie thought of the beautiful story told in the Book of Mormon, of the time when Jesus visited the Nephites and blest them and their little ones.

L. L. G. R.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWO REASONS.

"Papa growls like a bear today,
'Cause the wind is east, I know;
And Fred is mad as a hornet, 'cause
His grades at school were low;
And Sister Marjory mourns like a dove,
'Cause Johnnie's gone off to the war;
And Baby snarls like a poodle dog,
Nobody knows what for;

And my dearest dolly has lost an eye,—
Her sawdust is running out too,—
But I must be merry as merry can be,"
Said dear little Mollie Loo,
"For we couldn't stand another cross beast
In this criss-cross-crankum Zoo.

"Papa is gay as a lark to-day,
For the air is clear and cool;
And Fred is blithe as a cricket, 'cause
He had the best grades in school;
And Marjory sings like a nightingale,
'Cause Johnnie is ordered home;
And baby is meek as a kitten, 'cause
A cunnin' new tooth has come.
But I'm in compound fractions now,
And they're snarly as snarly can be,"
Says dear little, brave little Mollie Loo,
"Yet I must be cheerful, you see,
For we must not have a single cross beast
In this happy menagerie."

Selected.

PLEASANT THINGS.

Pleasant thoughts are better
Than the wealth of May;
Pleasant smiles, like sunshine,
Drive dark clouds away.
Pleasant looks are better
Than a handsome face,
Kindly souls are blessings
To the human race.
Pleasant words are better
Than the shining gold;
Deeds of love will gladden
Hearts of young and old.

GRACIOUS! WHAT A MESS.

HANS and Kersten are in trouble. Or is it Pierre and Pauline? Perhaps it is Karl and Anna. We don't know their names nor are we sure to what country of Europe they belong, but the ink bottle and the ink have surely got them into a sad plight. Whatever will become of their books? They have been warned to keep them clean, but now the cruel, black fluid is soaking through them and they won't be able to tell what is on the pages, either written or printed. No doubt they have been often told not to

meddle with the ink and now see what their disobedience has caused!

There is one thing little boys and girls should always remember. It is "If

"Come when you are called,
Do as you are bid,
Shut the door after you,
And you'll never be chid."



IN TROUBLE.

you wish to keep out of trouble, do as you are told." Fifty years ago little folks had to learn a verse which ran like this:

We don't say chid now a days, we say chided, which means scolded, found fault with.

We fear when the schoolmaster comes

our two little friends will have what the French call "a bad quarter of an hour."

THE LETTER-BOX.

[Address Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards,
160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.]

She Gets in at Last.

BRIGHTON, SALT LAKE CO., UTAH.

I wrote you a letter two years ago,
And this year again I wrote one also,
Hoping and longing my letter to see,
But found every month there was nothing
from me.

If you don't take notice of what I do say,
The Lord He will answer whenever I pray,
No classification will He make at all,
Sends freely His blessings to one and to all.

Eleven years, now, I have counted them all,
And I shall be twelve, though late in the fall.
A twin girl I am, though my twin sister's dead,
But another dear sister I have in her stead.

AMY SANDBERG.

Answer.

My dear little Amy, you kindly I thank,
For being outspoken, deliberate and frank;
Your feeling 'twas right you should freely
express,
And make opportunity thus for redress.

Can it be you've forgotten, or have you not
read

In the Letter-Box, where I have frequently
said

To the dear little children, "Our space is too
small

To print all your letters and thus please you
all?"

You've not been alone in not finding your
name;

Many other bright children are faring the
same.

But please keep on writing, my dear little
friends,

For that's what improves you; and each one
who sends,

A note to the JUVENILE shows a good will,
And pleases the "Letter-Box Editor" still.

Your Letter-Box Editor often has hinted,

How she grieves that your letters cannot all
be printed;

Yes, time and again she has told you of this,

How it hurts her when any child's note she
must miss;

If the Letter-Box cannot give place for each
name,

In the Editor's heart every child has a claim.

And now, little Amy, and all the rest too,

That the Lord will hear all of your prayers is
quite true.

That a blessing, you're taught to pray morning
and night,

And all times between when you think it is
right!

God bless you and keep you at home or afar,
Is the prayer of your faithful friend,

L. L. G. R.

Attended Every Sunday School for a Year.

LUNA, NEW MEXICO.

My mama has been dead for four
years. My papa is superintendent of
the Sunday School here. I am twelve
years old. Last year I went to every
Sunday School. My papa was called
here fifteen years ago. We take the
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ELIZA THOMPSON.

Children's Names as Subscribers.

PANGUITCH, UTAH.

My papa sent for the JUVENILE IN-
STRUCTOR this year and had it come in
my name. Last year it came in my
brother Herbert's name. I have two
brothers and two sisters. My papa is
the superintendent of the Sunday
School here. I go to Primary and Sun-
day School and like them very much. I
am eight years old.

HAZEL KIRK WORTHEN.

Not a Mormon, but Likes the Elders.

CEDAR GLADES, MONTGOMERY CO., ARK.

We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

and I like to read the letters. I am not a Mormon, but papa is. I like the Elders. Elders W. L. Warner and J. H. Crowther were the last Elders at our house. They were here in February. We have never heard from them since they left. I don't know why they haven't written, probably they are so busy. I have read some of the Mormon books and I like them all right.

I have three sisters and three brothers. They are all married. I shall be fifteen years old in October. I have six nieces and eleven nephews.

Well, I will bid you all good bye.

Your new friend,

RENA AULT.

A Good Sunday School.

PARK CITY, UTAH.

Many times I have thought of writing to the Letter-Box. And now that school is closed and I have no lesson to get I will try to write a letter. We have a real good Sunday School here, I think. I am nine years old. There are five sisters of us, and a baby boy. Our Uncle is the Sunday School superintendent. Our aunt and two of the children have been sick, but the Elders administered to them and they are getting better.

RUBY STROMNES.

Quite a Traveler.

WILSON, WEBER CO., UTAH.

I have not seen any letters from this place since papa subscribed for the JUVENILE, so I thought I would write one. I am twelve years old. I was born in Dublan, Old Mexico. We lived there three years, and the folks there were real good to us. We moved back and went to live at Star Valley. After two years we moved down on Snake River.

We stayed there for awhile, when the Indians became troublesome, and we left there. One day as we were traveling along, I went to sleep holding my little kitty. When papa drove up a little faster, I fell off the wagon and hurt me quite badly. Papa took me up and they worked with me awhile before they could bring me to. I was very sick that night, but my parents were Mormons, and believed in the Lord, so in the morning I was all right. We moved to Cache Valley then, and had lots of cattle and horses. Papa rented our place there, and we moved down here to Wilson where we now live. Papa has peas and beets planted this summer. I was baptized in the Logan Temple, but my two brothers were baptized in the big ditch. My papa is 73 years old and he is quite well most of the time. His youngest child is two years old. With love to all my little friends.

CLARA BINGHAM.

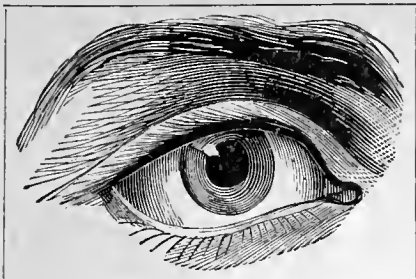
A Mormon, and Glad of it.

OGDEN, UTAH.

I have thought, my dear friends who read the letters in the Letter-Box might like to hear from a little girl in our city. I take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and take great pleasure in reading it, especially the letters from the little folks. I am fourteen years old. I am a Mormon, and am very thankful that I have the privilege of belonging to the true Church of Christ. My grandma joined the Church and came from England about fifty years ago. And she tells me of the hardships the Saints had to pass through in those days. How thankful we children ought to be that we have comfortable homes and plenty to eat.

Your sister in the Gospel,

MARY JONES.



Are You Far-Sighted?

Must you hold your book or paper at arm's length to get the proper focus? If so, you will be far-sighted in a proper sense if you come to us at once for a remedy.

A careful examination will cost you nothing, and the use of proper glasses will set you right. There is worse trouble ahead if you fail to note the warning.

John Daynes & Sons,

26 Main Street.

Opposite Z. C. M. I.

THE

DEBOUZEK ENGRAVING COMPANY

27, 29 West

South Temple Street.

SALT LAKE CITY,

UTAH.

Send 10c Stamps for

SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL"

To the Juvenile Instructor,

404 TEMPLETON BUILDING.

Cutler Bros. Co.,

36 Main St., - Salt Lake City.

Ladies' Embroidered Waists	Half Price
at.....	
Ladies' Lace Hose	Half Price
at.....	
Ladies' Linen and Cambric	Half Price
Handkerchiefs at.....	
Men's Soft Front Shirts	Half Price
at.....	
Men's Summer Underwear	Half Price
at.....	
Men's Neckwear	Half Price
at.....	
Fine Lisle Thread Knitted Garment	1.00
worth \$2.00.....	

We sell Men's Worsted or Provo Suits at very low prices. We sell Notions and all our Goods at lower prices than any other house in town.

CUTLER BROS. CO.

36 Main Street, . . Salt Lake City.

It is an Impossibility

To Find a Better
Entertainer than the

**VICTOR TALKING
MACHINE.**

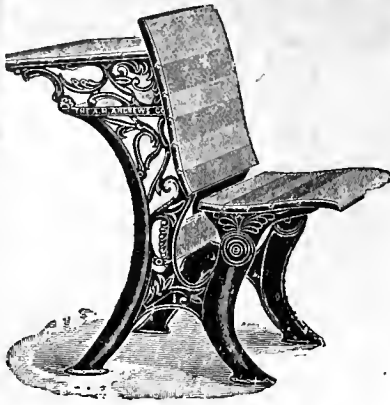
It sings in all voices and in all languages. It is both comic and sentimental. It gives us reproductions of the great bands of the world, also the great lyric artists. It will preach a sermon or tell a yarn. The voices of all animals are faithfully portrayed and it will reproduce any sound on earth.

—SOLD BY—

DAYNES MUSIC CO.,

THE LEADING MUSIC DEALERS.

74 Main Street, - Salt Lake City.



SCHOOL DESKS, OPERA CHAIRS, CHURCH SEATING.

We invite School Trustees and all those interested in the furnishing of Schools, Colleges, and Churches to communicate with us. Our goods are of the best quality and terms reasonable. We carry the famous ANDREWS' SCHOOL DESK.

H. DINWOODEY FURNITURE CO.,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

HARVEST

being nearly over we call attention to our previous ads in this paper relative to CHAMPION BINDERS yet unsold—will make the prices right on the few left.

If you have unsold "Red Tag" or McCormick Binding Twine advise us quick, will try to find you a customer. Our stocks are nearly exhausted.

CONSOLIDATED WAGON AND MACHINE CO.,

Leading Implement Dealers.

Aug. 1, 03.

GEORGE T. ODELL, General Manager.

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